Maybe 2 track ep. - Artist: Éireál & OB Branán

Maybe: Artist - Éireál

We took the steep way up from home,
Laughing at nothing, talking of everything,
Racing to see who'd reach the rock first.
A skylark climbed the air as we arrived,
And you dropped onto the warm flat stone, breathless and grinning,
The whole hill opening around us like it had been waiting.

Lough Doo lay quiet just below,
Dark as a secret the day hadn't told yet.
South toward Swilly, the Lake of Shadows shimmered,
Inch Island floating in the haze.
You broke the chocolate bar in half to share,
And I lifted the camera, felt the shutter click —
Trying to keep the moment still,
On film and in whatever part of me was thinking.

[Chorus 1]
And the sky felt closer than it ever had,
And something in the way the light caught your hair
Made me look twice —
The small silver sparkle at your ear,
The soft shine along your cheek in the sun.
I didn't know what any of it meant,
Only that the moment held still around us there.

We talked about small things, then deeper things,
Letting the pauses stretch without worry.
Your voice softened when you spoke of clouds,
And I felt the shapes of your meaning
More than the words themselves.
The air between us changed its way,
Though neither of us named it.

[Bridge]
Maybe it was the height,
Maybe it was the heat of the day,
Maybe it was just the way the world
Fell silent for a moment.
Maybe — just maybe — ...
A word as wide as the view.
Nothing more than that.

And the sky felt closer than it ever had,
And something in the quiet between us
Drew my eyes again —
The summer freckles across your cheeks,
The way your top lip softens when you're thinking,
Pupils wide like your day dreaming.
I wasn't sure what any of it meant,
Only that something in me shifted a little.

[Outro]
We started down the long way back,
The lane easing us down toward the river.
And now and then the skylark called behind us,
As if to say he hadn't gone at all —
A small reminder of the heights we'd left,
Following us just far enough ... to matter.
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Maybe - Song Notes

Maybe" is a gentle, memory-lit song from Éireál & OB Branán — a return to one bright Easter Sunday on a Donegal hillside, fifty-seven years ago.
A skylark rising, a warm flat stone, shared chocolate, the shimmer of Lough Doo and Swilly below.
A day that held still without asking to be remembered.

The song moves through two kinds of noticing:
the wide, sun-caught details of youth — backlit hair, a silver glint at the ear —
and the quieter, closer shift that arrives without warning,
in freckles, softened breath, and the unspoken space between two people.

Sung in soft, interwoven voices, Maybe is a piece about possibility, innocence, and the small moments that stay with us long after we've left the height behind. A word as open as the view.

Is This What It Is: Artist - OB Branán

She's watching how the water bends the light
Her bare feet in the grass, the afternoon is right
I could say it now, the words are almost there
But I'm watching how the breeze moves through her hair
The stream keeps talking something to the stones
I think it's saying — don't leave this alone
So I stay quiet, let the moment breathe
And wonder does she feel what I believe

Is this what it is
Is she thinking what I'm thinking by this stream
Does the afternoon know something that I don't
Is this real or is this just a summer dream

She laughed at something small I said in passing
The kind of laugh that asks if this is lasting
She turned to look at me a beat too long
The sky-lark up above broke into song
As if the whole damn hillside was in on it
The light, the water, every living bit
Conspiring — say it, say it while you can
Before the afternoon decides to end

Is this what it is
Is she thinking what I'm thinking by this stream
Does the afternoon know something that I don't
Is this real or is this just a summer dream

[Bridge]
The sun is leaning now toward the hill
Everything is warm and almost still
I've been here before in other ways
But never quite like this, never this afraid

She picks a stone and skims it on the water
Three good jumps — she laughs, and I'm a goner
I think she knows, I think she's letting me
Find my own way to what this needs to be
The stream bends out of sight around the corner
The afternoon won't wait much longer for me
So I turn to her and something in me opens
And summer holds its breath around the two of us

[Final Chorus — shift, quieter, certain]
That's what it is
She was thinking what I'm thinking by this stream
The afternoon knew something that I didn't
And it wasn't just a summer dream
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Is This What It Is - Song Notes

Is This What It Is" is a dreamy, 60s-leaning folk-rock moment from OB Branán.
A held-breath afternoon by a Donegal stream where light, water, and a single laugh change everything.

The song follows two young people on the edge of something unnamed:
bare feet in the grass, the stream whispering to the stones,
a skylark breaking into song at the exact wrong — or right — moment.
Every detail conspires toward a question neither of them can quite say aloud.

Soft guitars, warm harmonies, and a slow-moving summer hush carry the story:
a glance held a beat too long,
a laugh that lingers,
a stone skimming three perfect jumps across the water.
The world seems to lean in, urging a truth that's almost spoken.

By the final chorus, the uncertainty clears.
The afternoon knew before he did.
And the moment becomes what it always was —
quiet, real, and impossible to forget.

A song about closeness, courage, and the fragile second when a feeling becomes a fact.

credits
from Maybe (2 track ep), track released April 2, 2026
Vocals: OB Branán created by Owen Brennan to carry the vision